

## **Hair Care** by **flashforeward**

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**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Billy asks Steve about his hair care regimen.

## Hair Care

"What is this crap?" Billy leans against the wall next to the sink, picking up Steve's hair spray. Steve immediately grabs it out of his hand and sets it on the other side of the sink, glaring. "You put that shit in your hair?" Billy asks.

"Yeah. What do you use?"

Billy grins, wags his eyebrows and leans in close. "Nothing."

"Bullshit, I could smell so much product in your hair last night."

"You weren't complaining."

"I am now. Got it all over my hands and-" Steve's words cut off as Billy grabs his hair and pulls his head back, trailing kisses along Steve's jaw to his lips. "Fuck," Steve breaths as Billy pulls away, grinning. Steve shakes his head, stepping back. "You can't just do that every time you want me to stop talking."

"It works."

"It's unhealthy."

Billy shrugs and runs a hand through his hair. "So why do you use that?" he asks, gesturing at the spray.

"Because it works." He tosses a comb to Billy. "Give it a try."

Billy rolls his eyes, but he runs the comb through his hair and leans into the mirror, styling his curls, taking more care than Steve would have guessed. Once he's happy with how it looks, he closes his eyes and Steve gives it a good spray.

"So I'll look good all day?" Billy asks, looking over at Steve.

"Yeah," Steve says, spraying his own hair and setting the can aside. He pulls in a deep breath and lets it out slowly, hating that this has to end. "Ready?" he asks.

"I'll be at the door in ten," Billy confirms. He steals one last quick kiss before disappearing into Steve's bedroom to grab his coat and climb back out the window.

Maybe someday they'll be able to take their time in the morning. Maybe someday they won't have to worry about coming downstairs together.

But probably not for a long time.